Improvement of Meadows

A statement is going the rounds of the press that the hay crop of the United States amounts in annual value to over \$500,000,000, and that hay, rather than cotton, is king. Granted that the statement is true, are all efforts in further improvement of our grass lands to stop here, or are we to make still farther improvement, and yet pos-sibly double this exhibit, and so cheapen hay that it shall still farther take the place of grains as food for stock, and leave a yet larger margin of grain to be sold, or consumed in the making of flesh foods for our rapidly extending markets? It is an evident fact, here in Ohio, where grain-raising had suddenly attained prominence, that, although the meadows have been largely trenched upon to afford plow lands, the hay crop actually yearly increasing, and as a matter of fact, some of the great agencies for improvement, except rotation of crops, to produce grass, have been put into practice, leaving drainage and other important accessories to be brought in later.

Improvement in our grass lands must, if permanent, commence at the very foundation—draining, fining the soil, liberal and thorough seeding, and if to be retained in grass, seasonable top-dressing. So far as reports go to show, drainage is the important step to take in securing great grass crops, the most valid reason for this being that nature valid reason for this being that hattle is quite profuse in bestowing ammonia and the manurial properties by means of rain and air, and if the former in its fall, passes over the ground to its dis-charge, the soil gets only a homeopathic dose, but if this rainfall is drawn into the soil, and thus discharged, the soil must retain this element. Our most desirable grasses are not marine plants, and standing water is a deadly enemy to the life of tame grass roots, and no only does drainage meet the end in view, but also attains another object scarcely less important—the eradicascarcely less important—the eradica-tion of wild grasses that will appear on moist land. Not only does drainage assist in these mentioned ways, but the sooner the soil is freed from surplus water in the spring, the sooner it responds to the warming rays of the sun with quickened vegetation, that almost sure precursor of an abundant hay crop. The preparation of land for the crops

and the care bestowed upon them, will tell very largely in increased hay crops that are to follow. While not an advocate of deep plowing, yet in some way the soil should be broken below the furrow, to give the clover and other grass crops a chance to draw upon the elements usually stored abundantly in the deep, raw soils. While this cultivation is going on, care must be taken to prevent the weeds from taking possession, even in part, for weeds will crowd out grass, and the support stolen by a weed stalk would amply sustain a valuable bunch of grass. Not only is the pres-ence of weeds a sign of thin grass, but it has its effect in destroying the value of the hay, and, if the truth was known, of the vast amount of hay estimated above a very considerable amount would be found weeds rated at \$10 per tor. The yield of grass is quite largely dependent upon the character of the seed sown, and if economy is practiced in the amount of seed, or inferior kinds sown because they are "cheap," the real purpose of seeding will be thwarted in part. Whether orchard grass, red top, clover, timothy, or less well known varieties are sown, sow the best seed that can be purchased; know that it is free from impurities and is possessed of vitality, and sow the full measure that experience teaches is re-

Year by year the damage by pasturing mendows is more apparent. The meadow should be exclusively a place to cut hay, and not for grazing. Cut the aftermath, and use it for soiling the cows in the fall. The meadows are the in the fall. The meadows are not then damaged; the feed cut and fed in the barn or yards goes twice as far, and nature is left to produce a much for winter protection. How long a meadow shall remain in grass is a matter that individual experience and the changing condition of things must determine. A meadow in my mind has been in grass nearly fifty years. Cattle or stock are never allowed to run upon it; nor in that time was it ever plowed or received a load of fertilizer. Every other fall it is smartly dragged with a sharp harrow, and a little mixed grass own, and year after year its record is two tons of hay per acre, besides the aftermath. With other lands, rotation of crops and liberal fertilization would be required, or frequent dressings of manure. The general law that governs is to put the land intended for grass into the best possible condition, when once in grass, "feed your land before it is hungry, rest it before worn, and weed it before foul."-Cor. Country Gentleman.

Farm Stock in Health and Disease.

Under perfectly healthy conditions, might be expected that the animal body would also maintain a normal state. With pure air, good food and water, the organism ought to be proof against all forms of disease, excepting those which depend on the presence of infect-ive germs. It would seem, however, that these apparently simple conditions cannot be attained. Pure air, food and water are things which exist only as types of what ought to be. In nature animals are compelled to put up with substances which have suffered a more or less wide departure from the possible state of perfectness.

Diseases of the digestive organs, which have recently been discussed, have been traced to the consumption of inappropriate food, or to an excess in quantity; but it is also evident that some vant of power or defect in the organism prevents at one time the performance of the digestive function, while at another time a larger amount or less digestive quality of food will be disposed

of without any difficulty. Vitiated air, like bad food, will cause derangement of the organs into which it is introduced, but there are also conditions under which the respiratory or-gans are incapable of receiving good air without experiencing injury.

A common cold is a disorder the ef-

An animal which to-day is in perfect health, breathing regularly and without pain or difficulty, suddenly, without as-signable cause, suffers from irritation of the membrane which lines the air pasages, and immediately becomes con scious of the entrance of the air, which formerly produced no impression on the parts in their healthy codition. This extreme sensibility continues for a time, then gradually ceases, and the respira-tion is carried on as before without any pain, or even consciousness on the par of the animal of the presence of the at-mosphere which just before had proved

so irritating.
It is usual to refer an attack of cold to sudden change of temperature, either from cold to hot or the reverse, authorities not being agreed as to which kind of change is the most dangerous; but, although in many cases a cold is ontracted under these circumstances. it is a matter of observation that they only act upon a small percentage of the individuals who are exposed to them; and it follows that there must be a certain tendency or susceptibility in the system of the animal before the atmospheric influences can produce any inju-rious effects. This susceptibility to the action of the causes of disease is a subject on which much has been said and written, but we are as far from com-prehending its true character as ever we were. There are no signs exhibited by the susceptible subject which will enable the observer to form any opinion as to the degree of susceptibility, and, in fact, there are no means of deeiding whether or not an animal is susceptible to a particular affection, with-out bringing it under the influences of the causes of the disease in question.

Ordinary diseases of the breathing organs are likely to effect all kinds of animals under certain circumstances; in other words, it may be said that a large number of animals on the farm are more or less susceptible to the effects of exposure to inclement weather and to atmospheric changes. The degree of sus-ceptibility differs widely in different subjects; and there is no doubt that it may be highly cultivated by the adop-tion of an artificial system of breeding and feeding stock. It is an inevitable consequence of natural selection that hardy race is produced, the weakly subjects certainly succumbing to the adverse conditions with which they are surrounded; but in domestication the conditions are modified, and the preservation of the weekly becomes an object which is pursued with a certain amount of success, the total result being that the more highly an animal is cultivated the more necessary it becomes to keep it from exposure to those adverse conditions which in a natural state of existence it would have resisted.

Common cold is not a disease of serious importance in itself; but during its continuance the system is in a febrile state, and therefore prone to any inflammatory affection. Animals suffering from cold show an increase of internal temperature, with an unstable state of the mucous membrane which occasions coughing and sneezing.

Pathologists recognize several distinct stages into which a cold during its prog-ress may be divided. First, there is the dry stage, in which the membrane of the air passages is red, from excess of blood in the vessels; dry, from the absence of the natural secretion, and tumid, from the distended state of the blood vessels. This stage is the most dangerous, as the febrile state assumes its most pronounced form.

In the second stage the distended ves sels relieve themselves by pouring forth a serous fluid, which covers the surface of the membranes, but, from its watery nature, does not afford any protection to the irritable surface.

After a time the secretion from the mucous membrane assumes more of the true characters of mucous; but it is poured out in large quantities, and gives rise to discharge from the nasal opening. This third stage of the disease is true catarrh. The irritability of the mucous membrane is materially diminished during the mucous stage of a cold; in fact, the occurrence of the discharge may be looked upon as the first step toward recovery,—London Field.

Country Roads. How we proceed here is about as fol-

lows: The farmers of the district are

notified to appear at a certain date for duty. One or two teams and a dozen men gather to the portion of the road to be repaired. As the Road District is a certain unit of democracy, each man is as good as a "boss," and is mostly exempt from labor; the boys flourish the spade and hoe, but the horses are the laboring class. As for our "earth-works," the deep, narrow side ditches are cut still deeper; the large stones and small boulders along the footpath are rolled into the center of the track, and the finish given with a top dressing of sod. Logs, rails, etc., are then laid on the flanks to compel travel on the center. Should the process be interrupted (which often happens) the road is left variegated with piles of dirt which sometimes lie unspread for the which sometimes lie unspread for the season, reminding the traveler "rolling through an unfriendly world," that something had been done toward improvement. Probably we can all see that this is a good way not to do it. Is there not a better way? A few citizens, our best farmers, are proposing to use the same good and strong sense on the roads as they use on a farm. A letter from the original McAdam to a farmer in Central New York, was long kept, in which he says: "Remember that in your region, if you keep stones out and water off, you have a road."

Simple advice, yet needing wit to follow it! Two ideas are growing in the minds of our people, both tending to reform. One is to find a man who has plain engineering wit adaptate to read. plain engineering wit adequate to road making. In some districts one needs a lamp at noon to find him, but when found he is a treasure. He is to be put and kept in charge of the roads. The other is to make the tax a cash business. The assessment being payable in cash, the overseer can employ whom in cash, the overseer can employ whom he chooses, and, if he employs the resi-dents of his district, they work better on a cash basis. A good road saves wear A common cold is a disorder the effects of which are familiar to everybody; but the exact nature of the processes which take place and the ckanger which occur during the course of the disease are but imperfectly understoof.

A cash basis. A good road saves wear and tear of wagon, horses and driver; it tells a pleasant tale of the good sense and good faith of the neighborhood, and it adds something material to the value of every farm along its course.—Prof. A. B. Hyde, in American Agriculturist.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Blue cranes-nine feet spread-are killed in Arizona and eaten as Colorado

turkeys. -The exportation of live stock and esh meat across the Atlantic was never so active as at present.

-President Grevy gave two thousand francs to the poor of Paris in honor of his daughter's marriage.

-According to the late French papers, prodigy called Chicky is astonishing the people by hanging to a trapeze with his hands and playing violin solos with his feet.

—Deer, squirrel and pheasants are said to be abundant in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia this fall. Partridges are scarce, while wild turkeys are above an average.

-There are six turnips on exhibition at the office of the Oregon Improvement Company, Collax, W. T., that weigh in the aggregate 102 pounds. The largest of the six weighs twenty-two pounds.

-The second annual congress of German numismatists has just been held a Dresden, under the Presidency of Dr. Erbstein. At the same time an exhibition was opened of coins now in use throughout the world, which is said to have been the most complete collection of the kind ever seen.

-A project for constructing a circu lar elevated railway for Vienna, which for the last fifteen months has found employment for a large staff of English and Austrian engineers, is about to be carried out. The proposal is that wherever it may be possible it shall be carried above ground on iron columns.

-The chaparral cock of Arizons (paisano) is a very delicious bird, but ard to kill, its motions are so rapid These birds, it is said, are the natura foes of the rattlesnake, and build a corral of chollay (cactus) around him, and irritate him until he lashes himself to death against the thorns by which he

-Until she was fourteen years old, Victoria did not know she was heir to the throne. But on seeing a genealog ical table one day, she discovered the fact, and said to her governess: "There is much splendor but much responsibil Then with tears she exclaimed: "Baroness, I will be good." more sober and more dignified ever after.

-The large pine tree on the site of old Fort Herkimer, New York, which had escaped the ax of the woodman because it had given shelter to General Washington and party while dining beneath its boughs, when on his way to visit Fort Stanwix, was blown down in a gale a few days since. It was over four feet in diameter at the butt and over 150 feet in height.

-At Knoxville, Tenn., Mr. A. Moore was instantly killed by the discharge of his gun while holding the barrel over the fire to melt the bullet out. The ball was tightly wedged in the barrel, and he took this method to get it out, hav-ing previously unbreached it and picked the powder all out, as he thought, but enough remained to hurl the molten mass into his abdomen.

-The biggest thing yet in the way of laster casts is the cast of a whale taken at Provincetown, Mass., by Mr. Palmer modeler for the Smithsonian at Wash ington. A papier-mache fac simile is to be molded from the cast, the entire skeleton of the same whale is to be in-serted, and the monster will be suspended in the museum. To show the arrangement of the skeleton, one side of the whale will be left open.

-Carrie Carr and J. J. Underwood met casually in a store at Bear Creek, Tenn. A rumor that she was about to be married was mentioned, and she said, "O, no; nobody will have me."
"I'll take you," he replied. An engagement was made to meet at an appointed time to have the marriage ceremony performed. Underwood says it was all a joke, neither party pretending matrimony, and he did not make his appearance. But she claims that they were both in sober earnest and has brought suit for \$10,000 damages.

-A Venetian gondolier descends generally from a long line of ancestors, who were for centuries boatmen. A gondola costs about \$200. The father lays by week after week a small sum in order to buy his son one, and thus start him in life. The gondola costs about sixty dollars per annum in repairs. The owner pays a tax to the municipality, according to the station, to which he is allotted, and he is obliged to be there not only every day, but every third night. During the summer months he earns a dollar per diem; in winter almost nothing.

-There is a good deal of difficulty found in familiarizing the Indian laborers employed on Mexican railways with the use of the wheelbarrow. The same trouble was experienced by the first railway contractors in Hindostan. The laborers there had been in the habit of carrying off the clay from the excavations in baskets on their heads. The method proved picturesque, but slow. Finally, a large supply of wheelbarrows was obtained. The contractors' emotions may be imagined when, on the first morning of their use, he beheld his laborers tiling off in a long line, each with his wheelbarrow poised on his

—The peculiar mining of Henry Jope, briefly indicated by a Leadville tele-gram as swindling, yielded him \$18,-000 before his system was exposed. Most of the ore taken out of the Leadville mines is sold to the reduction companies, who extract the ore by means of improved machinery. The price is determined by taking a barrow load of fair samples from various parts of the lot, running it through the mill, and submitting some of the powder to two assayers—one in the interest of the seller, and the other an employee of the buyer. Jope took a hundred tons of very low grade to a reduction factory, was present at the assaying, and manto drop some pulverized silver aged to drop some pulverized silver into the sample powder. The assay was thus made to fix \$18,000 as the worth of the ore, and he was paid that amount. Jope made haste to attempt the same swindle in another establishment, but in this case he was suspected watched through peep-holes, and caught dropping the silver from the bowl of a pipe, which he had been pretending to smoke. He had planned to clear \$100,-000 by this swindle, and then ouit

for Donng Benders.

A VISION OF THANKSGIVING.

That's a study, now, of Turkey that a follow likes, I'm sure. But put it in geography, and that I can't en-dure; It has a different flavor, somebow, on the dear old farm,
And "craniming" then or "stuffing" never
does one any harm. he like to be treated? That was the

Now there's a class in spelling: Bobby White mediately answered it.
has tripped on "skates."
And that's something I don't do. I remember and I went off together, with our skates upon our feet,
For a race across the mili-pond, and 'twas only
I who beat.

And I pity any fellow, be he black, or white, or brown,
Whose grandpaps and grandma are not living

—out of town.

Well, I s'pose I ought to study while my book before me lies,
But it's hard upon a feliow now to have to shut his eyes
Upon such charging visions. Did you speak, Upon such charming visions. Did you speak, sir? can I tell
Where Turkey is? Oh yes, sir, I have learned that le-son well.

—Mary D. Brine, in Harper's Young Feople.

HARRY'S JOLLY THANKSGIVING. "Oh, what a jolly day! Good thick ice on the pond! and just the day for a race with the fellows."

Harry Archer was out of bed with a bound and a real live boy's whoop, and ran to the window for a view of the distant pond, before drawing on the warm stockings and shoes which had lain ali night in scattered places about the floor, keeping company with different articles of clothing here and there and

All of Harry's thoughts were with the pond and his new skates. The skates were a present from his Uncle Harry, whose namesake the boy was, and with whom he was a great favorite. Uncle Harry lived in the city, but had promised to eat his Thanksgiving dinner with Mrs. Archer and her husband, and Harry had been promised a race with his uncle after dinner, for Uncle Hal was a famous skater notwithstanding his twenty-eight years, an age which to Hal junior seemed very advanced in-deed. So to Harry this Thanksgiving Day seemed very important, and had been anticipated long and well. As he hastily dressed himself, he thought: see; the fellows will be at the Let n pond about half-past nine. I guess, and that will give us a skate of two or three iolly hours before I come home to dress for dinner. Well, after dinner Uncle Hal and I are going to skate. I can beat an old man like him any day; and then, in the evening, there'll games, 'cause there's company coming, and mamma engaged a piano-man. Oh, this will be a first-class day, won't it,

these thoughts, while the stockings and shoes, the pants and jackets were being donned rapidly—and the last thought, with the final question, must have been addressed to Harry's reflection, as he stood before the mirror brushing his curly, fair hair, and smiling at the merry rosy face which smiled back to him.

Then, as every boy ought, he knelt to say the morning prayer which a good mother had taught him never to forget, and in the praper was included the earnest petition: "Dear Lord, teach me to do always to others as I would that others should do also to me, for Jesus' sake." Harry had repeated that prayer as long as he could remember, and although perhaps he had never thought as seriously of its meaning as his mother desired he should, yet a very kind-hearted, loving little fellow was Harry, and willing always to be oblig-

ing and belpful, and such a boy is apt to make a good man, we all know. Breakfast over, away went Harry, warmly clad in his fur-lined coat, and with his new skates slung over his shoulder. In the distance glistened the smooth pond, on the surface of which already were gliding half a dozen boys. Harry quickened his steps with a "Hurrah, boys!" and laughed aloud in the fullness of his merry heart and over-flowing spirits. Only a little farther to go and then for the trial of speed be-tween the best skaters. Harry's cheeks were giowing with health and exercise. His heart was content with present joy and merry anticipations for the rest of the day. And no wonder that he sang and whistled along the road until sud-denly stopped by a pitiful sight before him. A boy of his own age apparently, thin, white-cheeked and sad, his blue ips trembling with weakness and cold as he drew the worn, scant jacket about him, and his poor feet barely protected from the slippery road by a pair of gaping shoes. Much too short for the shivering limbs was the ragged pair of pants, and the boy's knees trembled beneath his own slight weight.
"O Master Harry Archer," he said,

imploringly, "can you give me a few pennies to get a roll with at the corner, for I'm nearly starved and frozen to

Harry recognized the boy as the sor and only child of a drunken father who had long since grieved his poor wife to death and now was fast killing his child with ill-treatment.

"But, Jack, I thought your father had gone to work again in the forge, and so you would be safe from blows, at least. How came you so far from the other end of the village and your

Jack shook his head, and the tears filled his eyes.
"Home, Master Harry! I've got no

home now, Father beat me last night and turned me out of doors when every one in the village was asleep, and threatened to kill me if I cried aloud. And then he packed up a few things and took every cent of money we had and went off this morning in the cars somewhere, saying he was going to be well rid of me. And now I'm all alone, and oh, so cold and hungry."

Harry listened with his little heart

full of indignation, and while he listened there came over the field from the pond the merry shouts of the boys at play and the ring of steel 200,000,000 of pledges.

against ice, so tempting a sound to Harry's ears. He had turned towards the pond after giving Jack a few cents, and swung his skates irresolutely in his hand. But was it, do you think, the memory of his usual petition only that morning repeated as he knelt in his room—that God would "teach him to do to others as he would others should do to him"—that kept him from going on towards his playmates and caused There's the bell for "recess over," time for stupid books aga'n:
But how can a fellow study with Thanksgiving on his brain?
When I read of Turks and Turkey, little heed to them I pay,
While my mind is full of visions of the near Thanksgiving Day.
I can only hear the "robble" of a turkey, fat and nice,
Which, my grandpa writes, is waiting to be y bloed in a trice,
Just as soon as Sis and I and all the family are to be oil and spend Thanksgiving round the dear old farm-house table.
To be oil and spend Thanksgiving round the dear old farm-house table.
That's a study, now, of Turkey that a follow hand. But was it, do you think, the memory of his usual petition only that morning repeated as he knelt in his room—that God would "teach him to do to him"—that kept him from going on towards his playmates and caused him to turn again towards Jack, who looked so pitiful and cold and sad? It seemed an easy thing to pray that one little prayer when there were no obstacles in the week of him to turn again towards Jack, who looked so pitiful and cold and sad? It seemed an easy thing to pray that one little prayer when there were no obstacles in the open control of the memory of his usual petition only that morning repeated as he knelt in his room—that God would "teach him to turn again towards Jack, who looked so pitiful and cold and sad? It seemed an easy thing to pray that one little prayer when there were no obstacles in the memory of his usual petition only that morning repeated as he knelt in his room—that God would "teach him to towards his playmates and caused him to turn again towards Jack, who looked so pitiful and cold and sad? It seemed an easy thing to pray that one little prayer when there were no obstacles in the memory of his usual petition only that morning repeated as he knelt in his room—that God would "teach him to towards his playmates and caused him to turn again towards Jack, who looked so pitiful and cold and sad? It seemed an easy thing to pray the prayer when the dear old farm-house table. who looked so pitted and cold and sad? It seemed an easy thing to pray that one little prayer when there were no obstacles in the way of his pleasures and he had no need to anticipate any such call upon him, But it all flashed upon Harry now plainly enough. If he were Jack and stood in Jack's position, how would be like to be treasted. That was the

"See here, Jack," he said, "you look blue as indigo. Now, there's nothing ean warm a fellow up like skating, and you just put on these skates of mine and cut across the pond for a few Oh, Thanksgiving Day is jolly on the dear old farm, and so lt knocks study in the head for a week before lt knocks study in the head for a week before get a warm breakfast, and mother'll talk to you. I'm going home a minute, and you meet me here when I come back; but, mind you, let me find you with red cheeks, or I'll know you

question, and Harry's warm heart im-

haven't been skating. Hurry up, now."

The smile of genuine pleasure which broke all over Jack's face made Harry's heart glad, and presently he saw the drunkard's child enjoying himself in true boy-fashion for the first time in many a year of sorrow, as he buckled on the new skates and joined, unnot ced, the crowd of skaters on the pond.

Meanwhile Harry ran home and reated to his mother the whole story. Her warm heart was as easily touche as her boy's had been, and giving him permission to bring Jack home for some breakfast she sent him with a loving ciss over the road again, and then had a talk with papa about the poor boy whose Thanksgiving Day had dawned so sadly. Jack was on his way back from the pond, after having warmed himself and his heart in the exercise he so liked, when a gentleman overtook him and kindly remarked, in passing: "Why, my boy, you're thinly dressed

for such a day, aren't you?"

Jack colored painfully.

"I'm not cold now, sir, since I've been skating; but I was nearly frozen,

neer skating; but I was hearly irozen, and I am very poor."
"But you've a nice pair of skates. How did you get those? Sold your jacket for them, may be, eh?"
"Oh, no, indeed, sir. These are Harry Archer's skates, and I hope God

will bless him, sir, for his kindness to me this day." And Jack related the story to the gentleman. To his surprise the gentle-man responded to his story with a

hearty: "Bless the boy, he's a trump!" And just as he was wondering what it meant, he saw Harryrunning to meet him.
"I say, Jack, it's all right. Mother says you're to come — Halloa, Uncle Hal! you here so early? Why, Jack, you been talking to Uncle Hal!"

And then Harry seized his uncle's hand and gave a wild whoop after his usual fashion when anything pleased him. Jack explained to Harry as they walked home. And when he had breakfasted beside a warm fire a little later, Harry's father called him out to the barn and had a long talk with him there, which resulted in his being enthere, which resulted in his being engaged as stable-boy and to assist the coachman. In an old, but good suit of clothes belonging to Harry, Jack presented a very comfortable appearance, and Harry's delight knew no bounds. But that night, after all the company had gone, there was a timid knock at Mrs. Archer's door, and Jack was found outside.

was found outside.
"Please, lady," he said, "I couldn't sleep to night until I came to ask you if you would mind saying a prayer for me. I want to thank God, only I don't know how exactly, for giving me a happy Thanksgiving Day. This morn-ing when I saw the sun rise I didn't see what I had to be thankful for; but now it is all changed, and I feel so thankfu here, ma'am," laying his hand on his heart, "that I must hear you thank God for me and teach me how to do so,

too."
When he had gone, Mrs. Archer went up to her boy's room and knelt beside his bed.

"My darling, tell me why you did for Jack what he has told me you did this morning. I hadn't heard about your giving up your skating before. thought he was just waiting there for you. And you had anticipated your race on the pond so long. My dear lit-

And she folded her arms about him closely. Harry blushed a little, but the true answer came at last:

"You taught me the prayer, mamma, you know. And so I did to Jack just what I would have wanted somebody to do to me if I had been poor and cold and sad, and had no mother. others,' it says, you know, and so I—I only just did it, that's all, mamma. But oh, hasn't it been a jolly Thanksgiving Day?"--Mary D. Brine, in Illustrated Christian Weekly.

-San Francisco art criticism: Keith is undoubtedly an artist of some pre-tensions-pretensions is the word-but when he endeavors to work off on our unsuspecting bonanzaites a picture entitled "Casar's Family," in which he represents that Roman celebrity in a dressing-gown and carpet slippers, rocking the cradle with one hand, while rocking the cradle with one hand, while he hold a meerschaum in the other, and whistles an accompaniment to his wife's performance on an accordeon— why, the time has come to hold up the condition of this painter's historical information to the gaze of a heartless world.—San Francisco Post.

-Spiders and their webs form the designs embroidered on the flounces and waistcoats of some Paris gowns. Gold thread is the material usually employed for this work, but sometimes

—Sheep cheese is very popular in Austria, and an enterprising Austrian has started a sheep dairy near Chatta-noogs with 1,000 head.

—Rochester, N. Y., has a class of thirteen young ladies who are taking lessons on the violin.

-The pawnbrokers of Great Britain,

FACTS ABOUT UMBRELLAS.

Antiquarians say that the umbrella was invented shortly after the flood, and has been the least improved upon of all appliances for humas comfort, the shape being now as it was in those youthful days of the world. An umbrella is much like a pigeon as to the question of possestion—the last one who gets it owns it. The following facts about umbrellas—especially the last one—may serve every reader a splendid purpose sooner or later: To place your umbrella in a rack indicates that it is about to change owners. An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but drippings of the rain, indicates courfailly. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings of the rain, indicates courfailly. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings of the rain, indicates courfailly. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage. To carry it at right angies under your arm signifies that an eye night be lost by the man who follows you. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of sinke silk one signifies that "exchange is no robbery." To lend an umbrella signifies that "I am a fool." To carry an umbrella just high enough to tear out men eyes and knock off men's hala, signifies "I am a woman." To go without an umbrella in a rain-storm shows I am sure of getting rhematism, and will have to use 8r. Jacons Ott to get well. "To keep a fine umbrella for your own me and a bottle of Sr. Jacons Ott always in the house, in case of rheumatism or accident, would signify that you are real phillosopher.



kind invitation to visit you in your new quarters with pleasure before this had not my old enemy, Mr. Rheumatism, pounced on me so suddenly. He arrived last Friday, and, without stopping to send up his card, rushed in and grasped me by the hand with such a grip that in a Rev hours my hand and wrist were so badly swollen and painful that I felt as though one of Mr. Rheumatism has been a constant visitor of mine for several years; he always swells and put on a great many airs, making himself at home, devouring my substance and leaving me poor in fiesh and pocket. Last winter he came and stayed two months. I then decided that the next time he came I would change his diet. I was somewhat at a loss what to feed him with, but finally concluded to give him three square meals a day of St. Jacoss Oilmorning, noon and night. This since he is disgusted with, and is packing up his trunk and will leave by to-morrow or next day; says he cannot stop any longer, as he has pressing business elsewhere. He is a treacherous fellow, and he intends visiting some of our Salem friends; if he does, just give him the same fare that I did and hearen't are long. where. He is a treacherous fellow, and he in-tends visiting some of our Salem friends; if he does, just give him the same fare that I did and he won't stop long.

J. S. LEFAVOUE

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